

BUFFALO'S CITIZENS PAY TRIBUTE TO THE HONORED CHIEF MAGISTRATE

(Continued from First Page.)

upon which were red and white roses. One glance at the face, startlingly changed from its appearance in life, told the story of suffering which had been endured before death came. Not a word was said. As soon as the coffin had been arranged, President Roosevelt and Mr. Root, followed by the other Secretaries, led the way past the coffin on either side, each glancing for a moment at the dead face. They then passed quickly out of the western entrance. Behind them came Senator Hanna, Senator Fairbanks and about 100 more men and women who had been waiting in the side hall or who had accompanied the body from the Milburn residence.

President Roosevelt and those who immediately followed him had passed out of the building at 1:18 o'clock, and there was a slight delay while the guard was posted. At the head of the coffin stood Sergeant Galway of the Twenty-fourth Infantry Regiment of the regular Army. Chief Master at Arms Lutz of the battle-ship Indiana stood facing him at the foot, with his drawn cutlass at his shoulder. On the south, facing the coffin, stood Sergeant Gunther of the Fourteenth Regiment, and Coburn, a sailor from the Indiana stood facing him on the north.

The lines of people approached the eastern entrance from Eagle street on the north and Church street on the south. They were formed by the police, two abreast, and approached the hall in a wide, sweeping curve of humanity, which was drawn in constantly at the entrance of the building where the currents joined. Between the files of police the stream from the north passed by on the north side of the coffin, while the southern stream flowed by on the south. Both passed quickly out at the western entrance and down the steps, dispersing in various directions.

Nothing was heard in the building but the tread of feet on the marble floor as the crowd passed through without stopping at the rate of about 100 a minute. Each individual had time only for a hasty glance, as he was urged forward by the police and by those who followed. The plan was so arranged that four persons could pass the coffin, two abreast on each side at the same moment. As the afternoon wore on and the lines grew longer at their source much faster than they were melting away at the hall, the police found it necessary to urge greater haste in order that as many as possible might be admitted.

Men and women struggled along for hours through the press in stolid patience, to weep beside the bier and press a kiss upon the cold glass that covered the dead President's face. Little children were led past crying as if they had lost their father. Grand Army men marched by, lifting their hands to their hats in a last military salute to the "Major," as the President was known to them, and also as "Commander."

ESCORT ASSEMBLES FOR THE FUNERAL PARADE

BUFFALO, Sept. 15.—The day was gray and cheerless. Heavy clouds hung over the city, at times breaking to let through a rift of sunshine and shutting to let loose a downpour upon the gathering multitude. Long before the time set for the funeral services the vicinity of the Milburn house was astir with preparations. At 9 o'clock long platoons of police officers, mounted and on foot, arrived at the grounds and were posted in detail along the streets approaching the house. For a block in each direction the streets were roped to keep back the gathering crowds.

Major-General John R. Brooke, who was personally in command of all the forces participating in the escort, arrived at 10 o'clock. He was in fatigue uniform, with service sword at his side. Around his left arm was wound a heavy band of crepe. With him were his aids and a half-score of other officers, all in fatigue uniform, with badge of mourning on their sleeves. At 10:30 the military and naval detachments took temporary station on West Ferry street immediately around the corner from the Milburn house. First came companies I and L of the Fourteenth United States Infantry stationed at Fort Porter, under command of Captain John B. M. Taylor, marching with the steady tread and bearing of regulars. Following them came a company of the Seventy-third Coast Artillery, now on duty at the Pan-American Exposition, in command of Captain John P. Weissner. The National Guard of the State of New York was represented by picked companies from the Seventy-fourth and Sixty-fifth regiments, under command of Captain Howard.

Then the trappings of the military arm of the service gave way to those of the United States Navy, as fifty men from the United States gunboat Michigan, under command of Colonel L. T. Minnix, swung into position alongside their military brethren in arms. The naval contingent had arrived only this morning, in order that all branches of the military, naval and marine service might be fittingly represented.

Meantime the members of the Cabinet, officials high in the Government service and near friends of the dead President began to fill the walks leading up to the entrance to the Milburn residence.

It was just eight minutes before the opening of the service when a covered hearse drove up to the house, bringing President Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, at whose house he is a guest. The President looked very grave as he alighted and turned to assist Mrs. Wilcox from the carriage. Word passed up the well-filled walk that the President had arrived, and those waiting to gain entrance fell

back, making a narrow lane through which Mr. Roosevelt passed to the house.

As the President passed within the house and the services were about to begin the long line of soldiers and sailors swung in columns of fours into Delaware avenue and formed in battalion front along the beautiful thoroughfare opposite the house and immediately facing it. On the extreme left were the regulars, on the right the sailors and marines and in the center the National Guardsmen. They stood at parade rest, with colors lowered, each flag wound about its staff and bound with crape.

The service had already begun when down the avenue four high-stepping black horses came into view drawing the hearse which was to bear the casket of the dead President. It was a heavy vehicle, without plumes or any trappings to relieve the dead black. The horses, too, were not plumed or caparisoned, and all four of them were black from nose to tip of tail. Two men were on the box, the driver with long lines to the tandem pairs and the groom with folded arms sitting motionless. Outside the house there was a half-hour of silence and waiting. Within the house of death was no unspeakable.

TEARFUL SCENES ABOUT DEAD CHIEFTAIN'S BIER

BUFFALO, September 15.—In the drawing-room to the right of the hall, as President Roosevelt entered, the dead chieftain was stretched upon his bier. His head was to the rising sun. On the face was written the story of the Christian forbearance with which he had met his martyrdom. Only the thinness of his face bore mute testimony to the patient sufferings he had endured. He was dressed as he always was in life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast where the first bullet of the assassin had struck. The black string tie below the standing collar showed the little triangle of white shirt front. The right hand lay at his side. The left was across his breast. He looked as millions of his countrymen have seen him save for one thing. The little badge of the Loyal Legion, the only decoration he ever wore, which was always in the left lapel of his coat, was missing. And those who remarked it spoke of it, and after the body was taken to the City Hall the little badge which he prized through life was placed again where it had always been.

The body lay in a black casket on a black bear skin rug. Over the lower limbs was hung the stately banner he had loved so well. The flowers were few, as befitted the simple nature of the man. A spray of white chrysanthemums, a flaming bunch of blood-red American beauty roses and a magnificent bunch of violets were on the casket. That was all. Behind the head, against a pier mirror, between the two curtained windows, rested two smug wreaths of white asters and roses. These were the only flowers in the room. The sentries, one from the sea and one from the land, guarded the remains. They stood in the window embrasures, looking at the head of the casket. The one to the north was a sergeant of infantry. In the other window was the sailor, barged in the room, the house of the Navy.

The family had taken leave of their loved one before the others arrived. Mrs. McKinley, the poor, grief-stricken widow, had been led into the chamber by her physician, Dr. Rixey, and had sat a while alone with him who had supported and comforted her through all their years of wedded life. But though her support was gone she had not broken down. She was alone, but she was not alone. The minister of the gospel stood with the Holy Book in his hand ready to begin. Perhaps it might have been sixty seconds; it seemed longer. Then the President turned and at the same time advanced one step. He bowed his head and looked down upon the man whose burden and responsibilities he had taken upon himself. Long he gazed, standing immovable save for a twitching of the muscles of his chin as he labored with heavy breath to repress his emotion. At last he stepped back, Colonel Blagden, the aid of the President, standing between him and the casket. He turned to the left, toward the door, and the President, standing in the direction of the Rev. Edward Locke of the Delaware-avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, who was to conduct the services.

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a great grief. When President Roosevelt reached the head of the casket officers he kept his face away from the casket. The infantryman guarding the dead stood before him as rigid as a statue. Although the commander-in-chief approached until he could have touched him, the soldier did not salute. The President spoke to Secretary Root, or perhaps it would be more precise to say that the latter spoke to the President. The President appeared to be steeling himself for a look into the face of his body whose death had made him the ruler of the land. The tension in the room was great. Every eye seemed to be waiting. The minister of the gospel stood with the Holy Book in his hand ready to begin. Perhaps it might have been sixty seconds; it seemed longer. Then the President turned and at the same time advanced one step. He bowed his head and looked down upon the man whose burden and responsibilities he had taken upon himself. Long he gazed, standing immovable save for a twitching of the muscles of his chin as he labored with heavy breath to repress his emotion. At last he stepped back, Colonel Blagden, the aid of the President, standing between him and the casket. He turned to the left, toward the door, and the President, standing in the direction of the Rev. Edward Locke of the Delaware-avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, who was to conduct the services.

SOLENN AND SIMPLE SERVICES AT THE HOUSE

BUFFALO, September 15.—Dr. Locke stood at the door leading into the hall, a station where his words could be heard at the head of the casket. The signal was given and there welled out from the hall the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light," sung by a quartet. It was President McKinley's favorite hymn. Every man, woman and child in the room knew it and half of those in the room put their faces in their hands to hide their tears. Controller Davies leaned against a book case and wept. President Roosevelt seemed to be weeping to and fro as if his footing was insecure. When the singing ended the clergyman read from the words of the fifteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. All had risen as he began the remainder of the service. Again the voices rose with the words "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the very words President McKinley had repeated at intervals of consciousness during the day of agony before he died. As the music died away the pastor spoke again.

"Let us pray," he said, and every head was bowed. He began his invocation with the following stanza from a hymn sung in the Methodist church: "Oh God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the storm's blast, And our eternal home. All present joined in the Lord's Prayer as the minister repeated it. In losing, President Roosevelt's voice being audible at the back of the room. The service concluded with a simple benediction. The funeral director was about to step forward to place the cover on the casket when suddenly there was a movement behind Governor Odell. Senator Hanna, who had risen, saw that the last opportunity to look upon the face of his dead friend had come. Pressing forward in an instant he was at the side of the casket and bending over and looking down into it. Almost two minutes passed and then he turned away and the coffin was closed.

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PLANS FOR THE FUNERAL AT NATIONAL CAPITAL

(Continued from First Page.)

main of the late President while the body lies in state before the funeral service.

The sergeant-at-arms has had the catafalque which supported the remains of Lincoln, Garfield and other statesmen brought out, and has turned it over to the funeral directors. The catafalque is to be draped entirely with new black cloth.

General Barry, assistant adjutant-general, who has been placed in charge of the affairs at the White House during the time the remains are in Washington, has completed his programme. He has directed the commanding officer at Fort McKinley, Baltimore, to dispatch twelve non-commissioned officers to Washington in charge of a commissioned officer to act as body bearers. They are to arrive in Washington in time to handle the remains when they reach the railroad station tomorrow night. They are to remove the casket from the train and place it in a hearse, a soldier, a sailor or a marine will also be their duty to place the casket upon the stand in the East room and to perform like offices at the Capitol, the railway station and at Canton.

General Barry has arranged to have six ebony columns placed in the White House to support the casket. The active guard at the Executive mansion will consist of two officers, three non-commissioned officers and nine privates of artillery from Fort Hunt, supplemented by an equal number of officers from the Navy and by six members of the Loyal Legion and six of the Grand Army of the Republic. From the time the remains reach the White House the guard will be maintained until the body is removed to the Capitol Tuesday morning. A soldier, a sailor or a marine will stand at the head of the coffin and two more at the foot, while on the sides will stand a member of the Grand Army and a member of the Loyal Legion. Provision will be made for relieving these watchers at proper intervals.

To provide for the proper arrangement in the line of procession of the diplomatic corps and of Senators, Representatives and of persons who may gather at the White House to join in the procession to the Capitol, General Barry has selected a special staff, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel M. A. Wheeler and W. W. Gilson of the Ordnance and Major S. V. Abbott and Captain M. M. Matlock of the engineers.

The hearse used in the parade will be drawn by six black horses draped with black netting, and a groom in black wearing a high hat will ride beside each horse. The casket will not be opened at all while in the

White House. In the Capitol the statues in Statuary Hall will be draped with the American flag. There will be no other draping in the building, with the possible exception of the walls of the rotunda.

The Union Veterans' Legion, in addition to the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion, of all three of which the late President was a member, also will occupy a post of honor in front of the hearse in the parade.

The special guard of honor, composed of the general officers of the Army and of officers of high rank in the Navy, will not march in the parades of Tuesday and Wednesday. The troops ordered here by the War Department will report for duty at the White House Tuesday morning. Company A, Army Engineers Corps, from Fort Totten, N. Y., will arrive Monday night.

PREPARING FOR FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT CANTON

CANTON (O.), Sept. 15.—The funeral of William McKinley will be held in Canton next Thursday at 2 o'clock. That is the plan announced by the citizen's committee tonight. Judge William R. Day, former Secretary of State, arrived here from Buffalo today. He told a committee of citizens the wishes of the relatives of the late President.

An executive committee, composed of Judge William R. Day, Henry W. Harter, William A. Lynch, F. E. Case and J. C. Welly, was appointed. Adjutant-General Gyger was at the meeting to represent the State and tendered the services of the entire National Guard to act as detailed guard here. This tender was accepted. The Knights Templar of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Kentucky tendered their assistance and reported that thousands of them would attend the funeral. The Masons, Grand Army of the Republic and other organizations have officially sent word that they will come in force. The reception committee will be composed of men who did such valuable service for McKinley in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900. President Roosevelt and Cabinet will be entertained at the residence of Mr. George D. Harter, near the McKinley home.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 15.—Plans for the mobilization of the Ohio National Guard at Canton to take part in the funeral services over the late President, were perfected at a meeting of the State officials today. The entire guard of the State, numbering about 5000 men, has been ordered to report for duty in Canton on Wednesday noon. This includes infantry, cavalry troops, batteries and Naval Reserves.

The troops will be camped on the edge of the city and will be used for police duty. Shoulder to shoulder on both sides of the wide street leading from the depot to the church the militia will be drawn up in line and through their ranks all that is mortal

of their once beloved commander in chief will be borne.

Then from the church down the two miles of roadway to the cemetery the military will guard the way. With the men stationed a few feet apart the long lines will stretch from the church to the grave. Between their lines again the casket will be borne.

MRS. MCKINLEY IN STATE OF COLLAPSE

Fears That She Will Not Be Able To Go Through the Ordeal Before Her.

BUFFALO, Sept. 16.—Mrs. McKinley has broken down. Grave fears are expressed concerning her. She was today in a state of hysterical collapse, and though efforts are to be made to take her to Washington with the funeral train tomorrow the most serious misgivings are entertained by her attendants.

In the Milburn House there was today one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed by mortal eyes. It was about 9 o'clock Friday night when Mrs. McKinley last saw her beloved husband and bade him final farewell. She was soon afterward put to bed and the sedatives administered for the purpose of producing sleep had the desired effect. Mrs. McKinley was asleep when the President died. This merciful unconsciousness aided her through those dread hours of the night. At 7 o'clock Saturday morning the sedatives lost their power and she who had retired a wife awoke a widow. She was told the news. But she did not appear to fully realize that her husband was dead. She still spoke of him as living, asked how he had passed the night, begged that she might be taken to him. Little by little the dread truth dawned upon her and at length her pleadings became too insistent to be longer resisted.

Mrs. McWilliams and Mrs. Barber led her into the room where the President lay, the room in which he had died and left her there. What took place no one knows, or will ever know. For an hour the pair who had marched through life hand in hand, whose tender love had become celebrated, were alone together. At length the watchers heard no more cries and appeals for recognition, no more caresses and lamentations. They opened the door and found the unhappy woman in a swoon by her husband's side.

When the funeral services were held at the house Mrs. McKinley was unable to come down stairs. More sedatives had been given her and she was but half conscious. Thus the hours wore on and the President's remains were taken away to lie in state at the City Hall. Mrs. McKinley did not know of their removal. In the afternoon she was roused and begged to be taken to her husband. When told that the body had been carried to the City Hall, where the people were to have an opportunity to see it, she de-

manded that it be brought back to her; he was her husband; she had a right to him. The people had all his best years, his strength, his life. In death he was hers and she would have her rights. Hysterically she cried aloud for him again and again. A member of the family was hastily called and some favored sending for the remains of the President in order to calm the anguish of the widow with a soothing sense of possession. But at this moment Mrs. Hobart, widow of the late Vice-President, succeeded in convincing Mrs. McKinley that it was her duty to let the people see the face of their beloved President.

Thanks to the strong influence which Mrs. Hobart has always exerted over her friends Mrs. McKinley was finally calmed and induced to lie down and try to sleep. Dr. Rixey prepared another glass of medicine and the crisis was temporarily over. Later in the day the unhappy woman again demanded the body of her husband, but for the second time she was comforted by her loving friends. They have grave fears that Mrs. McKinley will not be able to endure the ordeal of the next four days.

GANGRENE CAUSED THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH

BUFFALO, September 14.—The following report of the autopsy upon the remains of President McKinley was issued at 5 o'clock:

The bullet which struck over the breastbone did not pass through the skin. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissues around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet's track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not yet been found. There was no sign of peritonitis, or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene which affected the stomach and the kidney, as well as the tearing around the further course of the bullet. Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment, and was the direct result of the bullet wound.

HARVEY D. GATTHERY, M. D.
HERMAN G. MATSINGER, M. D.
P. M. RIXEY, M. D.
MATTHEW D. MANN, M. D.
HARVEY D. GATTHERY, M. D.
TOSWELL PARK, M. D.
EUGENE WARDEN, M. D.
CHARLES G. STOCKTON, M. D.
THOMAS J. JANNEY, M. D.
W. W. JOHNSTON, M. D.
W. P. KENDALL.
Surgeon U. S. Army.
EDWARD L. MUNSON.
Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army.
HERMANUS L. BAKER, M. D.

Final Fire Claims.
When all of the fire claims were yesterday afternoon it was found that the total figured up more than \$5,000. The time for filing claims expired at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.